Your Type of Mind, So Hard to Find

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Your Type of Mind, So Hard to Find

by collapseofjune

Summary

Nigel attends one of Hannibal's dinner parties: It's not the only thing he comes to regret.

Notes

Title is from the song Lonely Heart by 5 Seconds of Summer.

Thank you to my friend Heron for being my beta reader!!

See the end of the work for more notes

Nigel should have never accepted this dinner invitation, but like with everything in his life, he did it for Will. His friend wanted him to finally meet his boyfriend in person, to get to know him. Nigel had wished that day would never come.

“For me?” Will had softly asked when they had spoken on the phone last week. Nigel could picture his pouty mouth and his fluttering eyelashes based on his exaggerated pleading tone. He rolled his eyes, sighed, and felt he had no other choice but to give in.

Well, now Nigel wishes he had another choice. He is sat across from a pretentious art critic while next to an orchestra conductor. Nigel appreciates art. He has a good eye for the beautiful. He also has a good ear and great rhythm. He loves music, always has. But right now, next to all these fancy pants, he suddenly feels like he has absolutely zero knowledge of anything whatsoever. He catches Will’s eyes, who is sitting on the opposite end of the table, next to Hannibal, who is sitting in the host’s chair. Will gives Nigel an apologetic look, noticing his discomfort. He had pulled Nigel aside when he first entered Hannibal’s bougie fucking home to tell him there are more guests than he had anticipated: that he had to brace himself for the snobbiest fucks. Nigel had underestimated how agonizing these conversations would be. He could not contribute a single thought. *I didn’t see you at the opera last Friday, Greggory, were you at the new art exhibition by this up-and-coming contemporary performance artist? You Must see it.* Nigel was completely out of his depth.

A woman sitting near Will takes a sip of her wine before excitedly joining Hannibal’s conversation. “Vineta Sareika-Völkner joining the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra did wonders for it.”

Nigel perks up, remembering reading about her. Vaguely. “She’s the cellist, right?” He asks, finally contributing to the conversation.

Hannibal directs his gaze to Nigel, then to his guests, a smirk barely visible on his lips, “The violinist.”

The guests giggle, snicker, sharing looks that scream *How embarrassing.* Nigel clenches his fists. He can feel heat rising to his face as he himself rises from his seat, sparing one glance at Will, who is glaring at Hannibal.

Will deposits his fork gently, next to his half-eaten meal, before getting up. “If you’ll excuse us.”

Will joins Nigel, who has sought tranquility on the front porch. He steals the freshly lit cigarette from between Nigel's finger and takes a drag. After exhaling, he passes it back to the fuming man next to him.

"God, I missed smoking…” Will chuckles. “Don't let me buy a pack, Hannibal will kill me."

Nigel looks anywhere except Will’s face. "Yeah. He would, wouldn't he?" The bitterness in his voice doesn't escape Will. He had always been perceptive; he could never hide anything from him.

The smaller man sighs, "Look, I know he's... A know-it-all. He always has to be right, always wants to win. Not unlike you. Just in a drastically different way."

At that, Nigel turns his head to look into Will's eyes. He can already feel his own anger dissipating. His eyes soften. "I'm- I don't try to always be right."

Will laughs, "Yeah, right."

Nigel chuckles as he exhales the smoke. "Okay", He nods. "Well, you have a type, I guess." He smirks as he notices a pink hue make its way onto Will's cheeks.

"Shut the fuck up.”

"Make me", Nigel's smirk widens.

Will shoves Nigel but laughs, a good light-hearted laugh, like he hasn't let out in a while.

"You know I’m only doing this to annoy you. Like in the old days." Nigel smiles softly.

Their first meeting had them both in detention. They were lucky to not get suspended. Nigel had pushed the teasing too far and had underestimated Will’s wrath. Will was a year younger, but still stronger than Nigel had expected a scrawny 12-year-old to be. Will broke Nigel’s nose, Nigel split Will’s bottom lip. Nigel still bears the scar on the bridge of his nose; he likes it more than he’d ever care to admit. He misses hanging around empty parking lots and bustling skate parks with Will after school: breaking their bones, scratching their skin, bruising their flesh on concrete. He misses the nonsensical late-night talks when they’d be sleep deprived, misses the talks that would turn existential, misses how the room that was filled with laughter would settle into comfortable silence. He misses the nights where he'd stare at Will a bit too long, wondering what his lips would feel like against his.

Will's dad had drunk too much, one of those quiet nights. They were 16 and 17, coming down from Will’s room to get a snack from the kitchen. Nigel remembers it all in vivid detail. How Mr. Graham had turned violent, more than usual. How he threw a half empty beer bottle at Will, how it shattered on the wall next to his head. Nigel barely had time to blink when, suddenly, Will had thrown his father to the floor. He punched his face relentlessly with a rage Nigel knew too well. He grabbed Will and dragged him out of the house, to protect him. Not from his father, but from prison. Will would have killed his own father that night, he was sure of that. Nigel would have let him, if it wasn't for the fear of Will being put behind bars.

Nigel aches for the night where they were out of breath and his stomach hurt from laughing so hard in the back of a bar. They were in their mid-twenties, celebrating something Nigel can barely remember. One of the few things he recalls is that Will looked gorgeous in the light of the orange neon. Nigel had kissed him like he wanted to memorize the shape of his

lips, ingrain it in his brain. Will had kissed him back like he was never going to see him again.

They never talked about it.

Nigel despises himself for letting Will slip through his fingers.

A beautiful, intelligent, caring creature. A dangerous, violent, righteous man.

That man stares back at Nigel, a soft frown on his angelic face, as if he could read every single one of Nigel's thoughts.

"Yeah, like the old days..." Will responds, a nostalgia painting his voice.

He steals Nigel's cigarette once more, takes a drag and gives it back, nodding to Nigel before walking back inside. Nigel stares at the spot where Will stood before looking at the cigarette. He lifts it to his lips and tries to feel Will's mouth around it.

End Notes

I can’t believe my first fic is Nigel and Will! I’m a big spacedogs fan, expect a lot of Nigel and Adam. But I do think Nigel and Will’s dynamic is underrated!!!

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